Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them ſhort,
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee pathwaies to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good harts oppreſsion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſsion.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preaſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe, moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me ſo, you doe me wrong.

Tut

Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſ
This is not *Romeo*, hees ſome
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe,
Rom. VVhat ſhall I grone a
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſa
Rom. A ſicke man in ſadn
A word ill vrgd to one that i
In ſadneſſe Cozin, I do loue
Ben. I aymd ſo neare, wh
Rom. A right good marke
Ben. A right faire marke fa
Romeo VVell in that hit y
VVith Cupids arrow, ſhe ha
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſ
From loues weake childiſh b
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege
Nor bide th'incounter of aſſa
Nor ope her lap to ſainct-ſed
O ſhe is rich in beautie, onel
That when ſhe dies, with be
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſwor
Rom. She hath, and in that ſ
For beauty ſteru'd with her ſ
Cuts beauty off from all poſ
She is too faire, too wiſe, wiſ
To merit bliſſe by making m
She hath forſworne to loue, a
Do I liue dead, that liue to te
Ben. Be rulde by me, forg
Rom. O teach me how I ſ
Ro. By giuing liberty vn
Examine other beauties.
Ro. Tis the way to call h
Theſe happy maskes that ki
Being blacke, puts vs in mind
He that is ſtrooken blind, ca

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